

What God demands as due from us is that disinterested hospitality like that of a tree which does not withhold- its fruit even from the wood-cutter—that sincere charity of a true philanthropist who gives alms in secret and blushes to see them famed, who spreads peace and plenty wherever he goes but accounts it no obligation on others, who writes the gospel of love with his hands and feet in helping the widow and the orphan and in visiting the poor and the sick with endless sympathy.

Furthermore, love is not gratitude for liberal benefits, not admiration for transcendent wisdom, not reverence for unspotted holiness, not confidence in unfailing providence, not obedience to sovereign will, not assent to infallible truth; but love, true love, pure love, simple love consists in adoring God as the Beautiful One, so entrancing alike to the eye and to the heart. Love, love, love—that is something purer, holier, more engaging and more absorbing than all the other sentiments of obedience, trust, gratitude and reverence. It is love which declares : "*Thyself and myself are sufficient unto each other. Let the world be dissolved into the elements. Let the rainbow fade into darkness. Let music*

*be hushed into silence or even confounded
into jarring discord.*

*Let the smiling landscape be blasted 'into a
volcanic eruption.*

*Thou and I are sufficient unto each other,
heart applied to Heart,
soul clinging to Soul, embracing each the
other.'*^{j>}

This love is all inclusive. It is purer than
flawless holiness,
surer than unerring wisdom, stronger than
irresistible omni-
potence, richer than inexhaustible
goodness. Love as the
fundamental instinct or impulse—the
ceaseless vital breath
of the soul—is imperishable, immortal. It is
a treasure of
ecstatic experience—of an uncalculating,
unhesitating, un-
wavering, self-surrendering devotion, which
is prior and
superior to all holiness and all
righteousness.

It may be asked, if, as the Rishis
proclaim, God is all
Love and nothing but Love, why does He
permit the pre-